Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and presture: now this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journy-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reforme it altogether: and let those that play your Clownes speake no more than is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pitifull ambition in the Foole that uses it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What hoe, *Horatio?*

Hora. Here sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as just a man
As ere my conversation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?

No,

No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning: doest thou heare
Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her selfe: for thou hast bin
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast ta'n with equall thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my Fathers death;
I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
Even with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy: give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joine
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing
And scape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play, I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet.*

Ham. Excellent i faith,
Of the Cameleons dish, I eat the aire,